

HONOLULU, HAWAII, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1910.

## Town Talk

BY  
THE MAN  
AROUND  
TOWN

Since last Monday the silence at the soapbox corner has been so thick that the shoe store manager thinks of slicing it up for sole leather.

Did the Bishop Museum secure any models of the Home Rule species before it became extinct? If not, Professor Brigham is deserving of censure.

"Hanawaki" has proved that silence is golden, and he is likely to use it in making jewelry. He made no speeches in the late campaign, yet was among the easy winners.

Now that the voters have sustained the policy of European immigration, it may be suggested that the planters cease recruiting Philippine labor. A limit may be found to the competition of that sort which Europeans will be willing to meet here. There is an old saying about the futility of eating your cake and still having it.

Former Governor Carter failed to block the Democratic landslide in New York, but he had the fun of trying just the same. When he comes home he will have to take tapering off exercise to get rid of excessive strenuousness—say tilting the Mahuka site upside down to begin with.

Next to the vaporings of the malihini socialist on the corner, the most noxious emanation of the recent struggle was probably that from the campaign cigar.

Link McCandless got more votes this time than the time before, but Kalaniana'ole got more more.

Notley forfeited class as a peacemaker.

If the Kakaako vote is to be contested, Mayor Fern should grant a reprieve to the pigs. The triumphal luan might be too previous.

## HER DEFEAT

It was one of the loveliest fall days that had come to that western country that year. There was a tang in the air and a subtle incense from the forests and distant peaks that floated in the Indian summer haze and all the trees were tipped and vivified by frosty coloring.

However the girl who descended the steps of the big log house perched on a sunny slope of Old Ironsides saw nothing of all this glory. She was too angry.

When Josephine Tracy was angry it was no idle grunt of displeasure—it was a torrid wave of wrath that swept her, from her curling bronze hair down to her very feet, that sent her round, white chin into the air and put lightning flashes into her dark eyes. It was a regal sort of rage, totally different from the usual feminine temper. Her soft brown corduroy outing suit toned with the outdoor coloring and the small gun under her arm lent the final touch to her Diana-like appearance. Rapidly she took the trail leading through the woods to an open plateau overlooking the valley. She was conscious only that every step widened the distance between her and Will Beach, and this was the only soothing element in her world at the moment. She wished she could blot him from her mind, as she had done from her sight. Before the crackling wood fire after lunch they had settled down to one of the idle, cozy chats which had become their custom since she had come out to visit her brother's family in their summer camp in the mountains and found Beach also domiciled there. A college friend of her brother John, he was already a rising authority on woodcraft and forestry, and that summer was completing a book on his chosen field. The very things which had attracted them to one another, the similarity of their likes and dislikes and of their very natures also, were the causes of their disagreements of which there had been many. Josephine's high temper and Will Beach's implacable will at times bade fair to break up the family in the big log house, but John's wife invariably smoothed over their troubles. Cora was a born matchmaker, and she could not resist this tempting chance at her very hands. This afternoon she had been away and when the desultory talk had drifted to the subject of woman's dependence on man, trouble loomed over the horizon. Josephine had regarded the lazily smiling man setting forth his opinions with the hostility of young indignation, and he, amused by her resentment, had not realized she was taking his remarks seriously.

"Your opinions are interesting," she had told him, icily. "I wonder that you waste time talking to a creature so useless and idiotic as

a mere woman!" And she had flung out of the room feeling at the instant that she hated him.

The rapid walking served to calm her anger, and, the plateau reached, she began looking about for the birds after which she had come gunning. An instinctive desire to show Will Beach that she had some prowess as a hunter, even though a woman, made her keen for game. It was while she was peering into a thicket, where a rustling had attracted her, that Josephine first saw the bear.

He was a very large bear and of an unpleasant greyish-brown. He stood motionless regarding her. Now it is not the most soothing situation in the world to be confronted with a man-slaying beast when one's weapon is loaded only with small bird shot, and with all her courage and nerve Josephine Tracy felt faint and weak. The bear had the shelter of the underbrush, while she stood out in the open, 500 yards from the shelter of even a tree. If she ran he would without doubt chase and catch her, and if she advanced he would resent her progress in the same way. Moreover, feeling very shaky in the knees, Josephine decided to sit down. She was three miles from the log house, and no one was likely to pass that way. She wondered hysterically how long it would be before her bearship decided he was tired and hungry and begin his meal. Never before in all her strong young life had she been stricken by abject, hopeless fear, never before had she not felt mistress of the situation. And, strangely enough, her thoughts instinctively flew back to the big, laughing man beside the comfortable edge of the clearing and was sniffling suspiciously. Then he lumbered up and down in an uncouth sort of sentinel watch while the girl's face whitened and her small brown hands clinched in her effort to remain motionless. Possibly if she sat very still he would tire and go away. There was a ringing in her ears and strange lights before her eyes, because she was staring so unwinkingly at the horror before her. Josephine Tracy felt very lonely and very pitifully helpless, and the afternoon shadows were deepening. Soon the quick autumn night would descend on the mountain and then—

The girl buried her face against her knees and huddled in a miserable little heap. She could hear the faint crackle of twigs under her father's padded feet, and the woody fragrance of the evening breeze crept to her nostrils. And thus she waited.

Will Beach, contritely searching for her, came upon her thus, and after his first start of consternation did a most peculiar thing. Picking up a broken piece of wood, he hurled it with all his force at the big brown bear, which with a grunt turned and ambled off through the forest with no further ado. Then he called her and ran to her, and whether he took her in his arms or whether she threw herself into them neither of them ever knew. Only within their shelter she was conscious that here was safety and peace which she never wanted to

leave, and the man felt her surrender and his heart leaped. They walked home in the dusk, and in her sudden, surprising happiness Josephine forgot to inquire how he had disposed of the bear and the next day passed it over lightly.

It was not until they were married for some time that Josephine discovered that the bear from whose clutches she thought Will had saved her was a tame one, the pet of a lumberman's camp across the gap, and quite harmless.

"I'm glad I didn't know," she confessed. "It took that fright to bring me to my senses!"—Chicago Daily News.

## The Death of the Supernatural

"Death," says an interesting writer in a current number of the "Journal of Philosophy," "always means a liberation of the spirit." At death, then, something that has been bound and held in limits—in the case of a personality by the body or in the case of a meaning by the letter or doctrine—is set free. The shell is burst and the fettered goes free. This symbol, so usual in our common thought of the death of the body, is less often applied to the death of a dogma. Yet, as the writer quoted above points out, the death of a dogma may in equal wise set free the spirit of religion. Who would say that the slow and reluctant death of the doctrine of eternal damnation in the last century did not do much toward freeing and expanding the spirit of Christianity? Even today the shackling of the hold of set doctrines upon men's convictions is doing much to expand and spread the spirit of religion. One can almost see the prophecy that ultimately men shall worship in spirit and in truth coming to be a fact. No longer a subscription to a set of articles, or a regular attendance at a given edifice, or ceremonies or cults proclaim a man a Christian; but he is literally a Christian according to the approximation of his thought to the thought of Christ. The spirit of his daily life makes or unmakes him a Christian. In measure as the letter of the doctrine fades the spirit comes free. The Christian life is hardly seen today by any intelligent person as a subscription to any set forms; but it is the life of self-abnegation, large tolerance, and mercy, of which the example was given so many centuries ago. The death of the body even here is the liberation of the spirit.

The death of the supernatural likewise is not a loss, but a gain; not a contraction, but expansion. If the realm of the tawdry marvellous is in decay the realm of possibility is growing larger. The relation between the real and the useful is becoming more sharply defined. That is a reality which begets results. A real Christianity begets the Christian life, and the Christian spirit the sense of brotherhood and human solidarity.—Harper's Weekly.

## MADE CITIZEN OF HILO FOR \$25

Hawai iHerald: It is not often that E. J. Lord gets stung, but his trip to Hilo on the Wilhelmina cost him \$25 which he had never calculated on, but he came through manfully. He had hardly reached the Hilo hotel and had an opportunity to wash up after his trip, when he was told that there was a gentleman who wished to see him. Lord kicked and squirmed, finally manly to his surprise found that W. H. C. Campbell was waiting with a most businesslike look on his face. Ignoring the outstretched hand of greeting, Campbell immediately commenced to talk business. It appears that he wished to make a collection for the Republican campaign funds for this county. Addressing Lord as one of the recent, but now prominent business men of Hilo, owing to his recent capture of the Hilo breakwater contract, he asked the contractor to come through with a century of simoleons, or kicked and squirmed, finally making a compromise on the basis of twenty-five per cent of the demand, and pungle! He thinks Hilo political men know an easy mark when they find him.

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